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MISCELLANEOUS.

—They call the cannibal the a bow-knot in Chicago, because it pulls out so easily.—*Life.*

—The ignorance of the average society youth is too profound to be measured.—*Id.*

—A Nevada ranchman, to protect his cattle from the effects of blizzards, has painted them all with a mixture of tar, red clay and linseed oil.

—The hammering of brass in a Philadelphia decorative art society has been enjoined. The rural peace and quietness of the town must be preserved.

—The thermometer has shown but forty-eight degrees in Greenland thus far this winter, and the inhabitants talk of advertising the country as a Florida resort for invalids.

—A little town in Texas has started a lying watch to secure funds for a public library. Just now it's nip and tuck between the editor of the county paper and the oldest inhabitant.

—First Arcola, Mass.—"What is your opinion of Anarchy?" Second Arcola, Mass.—"It's just the thing. I'm a base ball player, and rub myself with it every night to take out the soreness."—*Arcola Record.*

—Some one asks: "Does it pay to be good?" Perhaps our evidence in the matter will not be taken, and so we shall not answer the question directly, but we will say that it is good to be paid.

—When a lady enters a crowded street car she should not rush for the front end at once, as she invariably does, but turn and look at the men on the end of the seats. They get them because they know they are safe.

—"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher 'How do you know?' promoting me," said to-day. "And what was that?" "She said that if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A Yankee Captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued, badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that position, he replied: "I thought he would make about forty barrels."—*Exchange.*

—A grocer at Lafayette, Ind., stored twenty-five tons of groceries on a floor made to hold up fifteen tons, and was the most surprised man in town when everything gave way with a crash. He had never figured on pressure and resistance.

—"Dress," said Bagley, with all the force of an original idea, "does not make a man." "No," replied Pomposity, gloomily, as he fingered his wife's dressmaker's bill he had just received, "but it often breaks a man."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A fatal mistake: Father—"Jennie, why do you smother that little girl with whom you were formerly so friendly?" "Jennie—" "She's mad at me." "Why is she mad at you?" "Because I forgot one day, and said she was an old friend of mine."—*Texas Sittings.*

—For several years one of the Nashville penitentiary convicts has employed odd moments in making a large frame for cabinet photographs. It is made of beautifully-curved wood, and with the aid of a pocket-knife, and contains 20,374 distinct pieces.

—What is the price of that tea?" she asked of the guileless grocer. "One dollar," said the grocer. "Is that tea?" "Is not that tea?" "Yes, that's the tea," replied the grocer. "Yes, that's the tea," replied the grocer. "Yes, that's the tea," replied the grocer.

—The "Previous Question."—"Clara, I love her then alone. Indeed I speak the truth." He paused—the blush of a spread her cheek. She let him draw her near; scarce for emotion could she speak. Yet still she asked, in accents meek: "How much have you a year?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mr. Waldo (a guest of Mrs. Waldo, of Chicago)—"That is a very odd-looking table-knife, Mrs. Waldo; silver, is it not?" Mrs. Waldo—"Yes, it has been in the family a great many years, and I prize it very highly as an heirloom. I only use it to eat pie with."—*Texas Sittings.*

—Zedekiah, I say, you coming out of that saloon on the corner, this afternoon, said a woman to her husband. She spoke with chilling severity, but Zedekiah rallied, and exclaimed, with an air of innocent surprise: "Well, my dear, you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"Do you intend to try housekeeping?" asked one traveling man of another as they were discussing their plans. "O, yes, will try it. We've got the place, and there are only fifteen or twenty payments due and a couple of outside mortgages on it, but we shall nevertheless do our best to keep the house."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The Dignity of Art: He—"Are you doing any painting now, Miss Glaise?" She—"No, I'm not painting; I'm working in pastel." "He—"Pastel? What's that?" She—"O, colored chalks, you know; the best effects are got with the tip of the finger." He—"O, I know; I've seen the men doing it on the pavements. Awfully jolly!"—*Fun.*

—The earthquake of last year left deep pits in the land between Charleston and Summerville, and on the margins of these was white sand, such as is seldom found except near the seashore. On the sand has sprung up a dense growth of sea-weeds, and it is conjectured that the seeds whence sprung this growth had been buried at a great depth for many centuries.

—"No, it isn't so much the confinement and hard labor that I regret," said the bank embezzler who had just been sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary; "it is the breaking up of all my cherished church associations of the last fifteen years. That is hard to bear—very hard."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The old Senate House of historic renown, at Kingston, N. Y., has been restored and now stands as it did in former days. The walls of the building are over two hundred years old, and were erected by Colonel Westel Ten Broeck in 1676. It was in this building that John Jay, in 1777, drew the draft of the constitution of the State of New York.

SAM HAWKIN'S PLAN.

A Literary Man Proves That It is Cheaper to Move Than to Pay Rent.

Sam Hawklin is a would-be author who lives in Galveston, Texas, and writes sensational stories for the newspapers and magazines. Like most men of letters, Sam Hawklin is poor, but he never allows that circumstance to disturb him in the least. He generally manages to get enough to eat, such as it is, and his time is so absorbed by his literary labors that he has no opportunity to complain even if he were disposed to do so, which he is not, for he is an optimist and philosopher.

A few mornings ago, while engaged on a novel for a New York literary paper, there came a violent knock at the door. "Come in," said Sam, placidly. Mr. Walker, Sam's landlord, entered. He held a folded paper in his hand.

"Here is the bill for your rent. I would like to have it paid immediately. Mr. Hawklin, I've been waiting for you to pay for some time."

"Is it really possible, Mr. Walker, that you expect me to pay actual cash?"

"Well, that's just what I do expect. It's three months since you have paid a cent of rent, and I am tired of your way of doing."

"So it's three months since I paid you any rent? Great Scott! How time flies! No wonder the ancient Romans said *Tempus fugit*. It does *fugit*, like the mischievous."

"Yes, time passes, but no money passes between us."

"That's so," replied Sam, "if you have paid me any money during the last three months it has escaped my memory. Yes, the past three months have been fraught with disaster."

"Yes, they have been very sad to me," said Walker.

"The events of the last few months, Mr. Walker, have been very sad to me, but I am not responsible for the rent of these apartments," said Walker, indignantly.

"I am surprised, Mr. Walker, to hear you speak in such frivolous manner of those heart-rending disasters, entailing such untold misfortune on the human race."

"That's all bosh. Will you pay me my sixty dollars?"

"Is it possible that I owe you that much?"

"Yes, thanks to my weakness, you have got into that deep."

"For God's sake, Mr. Walker, don't call your noble-hearted generosity weakness."

"I want my money; sixty dollars are not to be found in the street every day."

"Yes, I regret to be able to corroborate that statement," replied Sam with a sigh.

"Do you think that it is fun for me to do without my money all the time?"

"The wise man, Mr. Walker—"

"Pays his rent," interrupted Walker.

"How much disappointment land-lords suffer by hanging that delusion in their bosoms! The really wise man learns to deny himself luxuries. Follow my example, and learn to deny yourself."

"Deny myself what?"

"The sixty dollars that you are not going to get from me."

"All right, Mr. Sam Hawklin, I'll strike off the sixty dollars you owe. I'll make you a present of it."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, I'll make you a present of the sixty dollars, if—"

"Ah! So there is an 'if' about it."

"Yes, I will cancel your debt if you move out at once."

"Move out!" exclaimed Sam, very much amazed. "Why in the world should we part, Mr. Walker? We have always got along very well together. I have never made any complaints about the price of rent. Why should I want to get rid of you who have been so kind and considerate?"

"Well, that's cheek!" ejaculated Walker.

"It is true," continued Sam, "that the house is very much in need of repairs. It ought to have a new roof in front, and it needs painting, and there is no water in the kitchen, but still I don't care to move."

"Well, that is gall! Look here, Mr. Sam Hawklin, I will cheerfully lose the rent you owe me just to get rid of you. I am willing to make almost any sacrifice to get rid of you."

"That's very flattering to me. What you say encourages me to ask you for the loaned twenty dollars."

"Are you crazy?"

"No, but on reflection I've come to the conclusion to move to more fashionable quarters, and I need twenty dollars to pay the expenses of moving. Costs money to move. You have to pay for furniture wagons, and men to pack up the furniture, and I always tip the men liberally who move my things."

"You say I will have to pay to move you out?" asked the dumfounded landlord.

"Why, of course. You don't expect me to do it, do you, particularly as I haven't got a cent?"

The landlord sat down, and looked steadily at Sam for several minutes. He knew by sad experience how expensive and tedious it was in Texas getting a tenant out of a house according to law. At last he said:

"Here are twenty dollars. Now, you get out of here as fast as you can."

Within two hours Sam Hawklin had moved.

Mr. Walker owns a number of houses in Galveston, and a few days afterwards he noticed that the sign of Ten Broeck in 1676. It was in this building that John Jay, in 1777, drew the draft of the constitution of the State of New York.

A LEGAL OPINION.

What a Public Prosecutor Thinks of the President's Begging.

If I could have my own way about it, I should always present the case of the prosecution without the testimony of police officers or detectives. Not because I consider them unreliable as witnesses or because their testimony is any less deserving of credit than that of any other person, but simply because of a sort of popular prejudice against them which insinuates itself often into the jury box, and serves to acquit many a thorough scoundrel. The average citizen must certainly appreciate the necessity of police officers and detectives, and often finds them of great value and assistance to him, and I don't understand why he should allow himself to be influenced by this popular prejudice which originated with the hoodlum element, and which has been so carefully cultivated by the criminal lawyer. I have known men who at least pretended to be decent and respectable citizens to be carried away by the vehement tirade made by the prisoner's attorney against the police, when, in fact, the officers were generally doing their duty absolutely nothing to deserve any abuse, but had really discharged their duties as good men and true. I have had considerable experience on both sides of the counsel table, and I have found the policeman as a rule to be honest and straightforward, and to realize the obligation of an oath as fully as the ordinary witness. His testimony, of course, is generally damaging to the accused, but it would hardly be expected to be otherwise. If a patrolman early in the morning finds a man with a watch and chain stolen from my room during the night, it is only reasonable to suppose that his swearing to that fact should go hard with the prisoner on his trial, yet a little poison fully injected by the general counsel in the case may secure a verdict.

Cases do not occur where the officer is so well assured of the guilt of the accused, especially if he is a hardened offender, that his testimony is to some extent tinged with his personal opinions or feelings in the matter, yet in this respect he differs not at all from other persons. I doubt if any man who has a personal interest in any criminal case on either side can be a wholly truthful and impartial witness. Human testimony is after all only an expression of human nature, which is anything but perfect.

As a usual thing, officers are not experts in any particular line, yet they are expected to be statesmen, jurists, diplomats, doctors and every thing else, and under all circumstances and in all cases to be absolutely impartial and unperturbable, and to discharge their functions with a judgment and discretion as nicely balanced as a chemist's scales. In reality, all that the office calls for is physical strength, fearlessness and a moderate quantity of what is called "horse-sense." If a man possesses more than these, he can certainly do better than walk a beat in all kinds of weather at seventy-five dollars a month, and for the professional detective, I have found that his calling rarely causes him to appreciate the value of truth than otherwise, and that he needs to be feared and trusted only by those who are fit subjects for his work. That he devotes himself to the task of ferreting out crimes and criminals for the good of the commonwealth is no reason why he should be any less true, or that the physician who prescribes all manner of uncleanliness and pollution for the good of humanity, or the lawyer who searches diligently for every nice technicality to keep his client from paying a just debt. For my own part, I would take the oath of a detective as readily as that of any other man.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

NUPTIAL NOVELTIES.

The Quotations in Which Some Weddings develop the bottom of a good many strange developments of civilization which we owe to America less a passion for novelty for its own sake, and not for any ulterior benefits which is produced by it. People who dislike the old humdrum methods find all round them a society equally fond of "new departures," and in a democratic land the unusual is not always frowned upon as being necessarily wicked. American couples have before now been married in balloons, in railway cars, and even in bathing machines.

The individuals who delight in these social antics have no desire to shock their neighbors or to do any thing that will be dubbed grossly iniquitous; they only choose to act for themselves and to things in their own way, to stop out of the rut for a time. They will be able to talk afterward about their wedding as having been determined under unique circumstances; their children will proudly boast how "their papa and mamma were married in a balloon," or in a box on wheels near the bridge deep, as the case may be.

Who can say but that some day a bridegroom will astonish the spectators, his mother-in-law, especially, by appearing as Robin Hood, in a tattered suit of green, with quiver slung on his back? And it would only require one step further for the officiating clergyman to do the vestments generally associated with the names of Friar Tuck or Orlando and the bride as Rosalind.

In our English weddings—we know not how the Americans manage this detail—it is usual for a few select and favored individuals to kiss the bride in the vestry when the whole performance is over; it would be obviously impossible for this special feature to be omitted, and equally inappropriate for the bride to be kissed in public. Therefore it would be essential to have an impromptu vestry at hand—say the hollow of an old tree—in which, besides, the register could be signed and the usual fees paid. A pleasant lunch out of doors at the conclusion of the ceremony, a far and faint imitation of the lawn at Ascot, would be ever so much nearer than the stiff and formal wedding breakfast, or lunch, which everybody abominates.—*London Telegraph.*

BEGGING EPISTLES.

Some of the Quotations Translated for the President's Benefit.

Perhaps the most curious begging letters to the President are those in foreign languages. The President never sees these in the original. They are sent in batches of nine or ten to Henry L. Thomas, the official translator for the State Department. Mr. Cleveland rarely sees the whole of any of these letters, and seldom any part of them. Translator Thomas runs his learned eye over them, finds out what the request and who the beggar is, and makes a brief note in abstract of each one of the missives. These then go over to the White House to be looked over by the correspondence clerk, and, as the requests are usually even more absurd than those which come written in the English tongue, they are never shown to Mr. Cleveland, except, perhaps, when a particularly funny one drops in and the clerk or Colonel Lamont thinks it would be enjoyed all round. The letters from people who beg in foreign languages average about one a day the year through, but often run up to forty a month, then fall to twenty-five. They come both from Europe and America, and are most commonly written in German. Those which come from abroad are the funniest, because the writers display not only their own crazy notions, but the most eccentric ideas of the way in which the government of this country is managed. The authors are frequently foreigners who have had some residence in this country, but who have never been on an imaginary geographical trip.

One came only recently from an inventor in France. He wrote to inform the President that he had discovered a new method of facilitating travel by canal. He was sure that his method would make the United States a great deal of money, and he was only waiting to receive the necessary funds for the purchase of a house. A man in Switzerland wrote asking for a permissive way. He put his plan on the ground that the President had once been very kind to his mother, and that on this ground he should take particular pains that her children did not suffer. This letter is like the majority in two respects. It demands money, and in a considerable sum, asking \$3,000 for the purchase of a house. It evidently came from a man who had lost his wits. Translator Thomas does not like the reading of the letters when they turn out to be in a large part from crazy writers. He finds that it has a tendency to make him melancholy.

Of a more laughable sort are the letters from writers who imagine the President has a minute knowledge of the whole country and its people, like a postmaster in a country town. The man in Spain, whose letter asked Mr. Cleveland if he knew whether his second cousin, who came to this country nearly ten years ago, was still here is a fair sample of its class. A German woman in New York wrote in sober earnest, saying that she understood from the President's message that he had the disposing of a very large surplus of money in the National Treasury, and as she was poor and deserving she thought that of justice she should have some of it. The western German writer queer letters. A man who signed himself Krauskopf and dated his letter Allegan County, Michigan, has been a persistent correspondent of the President ever since he came into office. In spite of never receiving a reply, he has written again and again in ungrammatical misspelled German, demanding a part of the President's salary. He never mentions any particular sum, but is always holding out his hand for a share of it. A boy, evidently a Norwegian from his name, wrote from Minnesota not long ago. He said that he lived by the shore of a lake and was poor. He needed to earn money and was trying to do it by shooting ducks on the lake. He had only an old gun and wished, if it were possible, that the President would send him a new one.

Mr. Thomas does not always get free from the petitioning foreigners when he leaves his office. It is not long since he was besought fervently by a Greek then staying in the city to bring it about in the State Department that a fine estate in Greece, which he declared belonged to him, should come into his possession. There was not any evidence of his ownership beyond his own statement, but he assured Mr. Thomas that if the State Department could only secure the property Mr. Bayard should have a clear \$2,000 for his services. After many assurances that nothing could be done for him, he began to write to the Senators entreating them to interfere in his behalf. There was no satisfaction there, and he tried the same method on the House, asking this body in fact to compel Mr. Bayard to act for him. Rebuffed again, he turned to the Supreme Court. He visited Chief Justice Waite. "What did he say?" was asked of the clerk as he returned from this mission. "He would not say a word," was the despairing reply.

Mr. Thomas has held his present position twenty-three years. He is a short, thick-set man, with good-humored face, gray beard, and gray hair closely cropped.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PERQUISITES.

The President of France is allowed fire-wood, candle and gaslight; men servants, the wages and board of whom the State pays, as well as the livery of whom it buys; two carriages, a carriage for his secretaries; two military secretaries, three civil secretaries; house linen and the cost for washing it; vegetables for his table from the imperial garden, flowers from his greenhouse and ball rooms from the city nursery gardens; valuable preserves in the forests of Marly and Rambouillet, which not only supply his table with all the game it can consume, but enable him to put away about \$2,000 a year. The President has a box at the opera and at the French Opera, and his sitting-room is fitted up with telephones, which enable him and his family to hear operas without stirring from the chimney corner. This, too, is paid by the nation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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